



Sample Pages from Dead Highway

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p499> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

DEAD HIGHWAY

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT BY
Christopher Evans



Dead Highway

Copyright © 2025 Christopher Evans

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

Theatrefolk

www.theatrefolk.com/licensing

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

Characters

3M+5W+Several Zombies

EBS VOICE: Offstage radio voice for the Emergency Broadcast Service. Can be played by one of the dead.

CASEY: The play's "everygirl." She is smart and pragmatic. She can be funny. She can also be fierce.

CURT: The athlete and the protector of the group. Very temperamental. You want Curt in your apocalypse group even with his temper.

DENISE: The book-smart one of the group. Sees herself as an outsider. Seems okay with it. Fascinated by the current apocalypse situation and is learning from it. Not a fan of Caitlyn.

CAITLYN: Smart and sarcastic even to the point of being considered mean. Loves to point out the mistakes of the group. Friends with Jennifer.

BONZAI: The human embodiment of the slang word "chill." It's his car. It's his half-eaten bag of Doritos. It's his Pink Floyd cassette tape. Tries to enjoy life as much as he can. Even in the Apocalypse. Gets bear-sprayed in the face.

JENNIFER: The girl with money, great hair, and high end clothing. Named her cellphone. Not quite the level of mean and sarcastic as Caitlyn but very close.

BRYNN: We first meet Brynn as a girl who is quite bloodied on her face and torso. Brynn meets the group outside of town when the group has stopped there to gas up at her family's gas station. She is mentally and spiritually broken after witnessing a fatal attack on her little sister by the zombies. The blood on Brynn came from embracing her little sister after the attack. She's not mentally breaking down. That happened a while ago. She's broken mentally. Right now. The old Brynn is gone and this is what's left. Her personalities range from childlike to serious to dangerous. She carries bear spray to protect herself from the "monsters."

THE ZOMBIES: I based these on the slow and very driven zombies from the George Romero's *Night Of The Living Dead* movies and *The Walking Dead* TV series. These zombies are no joke. Given an opportunity, they will kill.

MASON HENDRICKS: Offstage disc jockey. Nice guy. Loves his family. In a situation that he can't get out of and eventually runs out of time.

Costume Suggestions

CASEY: Generic, good looking clothing that doesn't say money, but it doesn't say thrift store either. Would wear tennis shoes that match the style.

CURT: DO NOT stereotype Curt costume-wise. He wears comfortable clothing. Maybe the clothes he puts on after weight training class. Can come from some money.

CAITLYN: Think about what the girl who is the "go-to" in Drama Class wears. Comfort. Tennis shoes. DOES NOT need to be in all black.

BONZAI: Don't think stoner. NO TYE-DIE, please. Whatever was closest to his bed that morning that didn't smell.

JENNIFER: Current high end teenage girl clothing. She shops downtown at the pricey shops.

BRYNN: Brynn is from out of town and so I pictured her differently. I pictured her from the country. Jeans, Cowboy boots. Something Mom and Dad would have her do chores in. She is covered in blood on her face and torso.

THE ZOMBIES: Whatever's available that can get distressed and bloody. I had a guy in an undershirt and pants, a bride in a wedding dress and more. Don't get goofy with it, but remember that these were real people before they got bit. What was their life like? What was their job?

Original Production

Dead Highway was first performed at the Montana State Thespian Festival at the University of Montana in January of 2025. The cast was as follows:

Emergency Broadcast Voice: Tristan Clairmont

Casey: Keira Patterson

Curt: Ian Arthur

Denise: Sierra Fontana

Caitlyn: Alexys Fisher

Bonzai: Leighton Larsen

Jennifer: Rebecca Stubblefield

Brynn: Brie Srb

Mason Hendricks: Anthony Rangel (voiceover)

The Dead: Maddie Hall, Jonas Hibbs, Ella Eubanks,
Gabe Wetz, Jordyn Winkler, Daniel Backen,
Tristan Clairmont, Jack Orthman, Anthony
Rangel, Ashlyn McVay

Director: Chris Evans

Production Manager: Lesli Evans

Stage Manager: Ambria Green

Sound Operator: Alex Mygland

Makeup: Brie Srb, Bella Josephs, Ambria Green

Costuming: Daniel Backen, Ambria Green

Choreography: Maddie Hall, Keira Patterson

Awards received at the Montana State Thespian Festival

Outstanding Dramey

Outstanding Walk On for Brie Srb as Brynn

Outstanding Makeup Effects

How we Pulled Off the Tech

The Stage (and staging)

The stage is mostly bare with the exception of a broken down road sign and some garbage. The one set piece is the car. See below how we visualized the car in the premiere production.

The Car (Bonzai's Honda Accord)

The car was really mimed and imagined. The actors created the tight space of the car. The back seat was literally a back seat that was taken from a van and attached to a castered (wheeled) 4' by 8' platform. The wheeled platform also had brakes in the back that the actors set during transitions. We set two chairs and a short bench that we called the console in front of the platform. The console should be able to seat one of the actors during the show and be quickly moved during transitions.

There are two options for a steering wheel. Mime it or create a steering wheel unit that is separate from the car and quickly moved in transitions. We created a small steering wheel unit. Our steering wheel was literally a cardboard steering wheel attached to a microphone stand.

During transitions (the emergency alerts) the cast was responsible for moving the pieces of the car (the platform, chairs, steering wheel and console) to directed areas on stage. The emergency alerts were long enough for this to happen without panic.

Where Did We Put the Car On Stage?

Because we put the bulk of the car on a wheeled platform, we were able to move the car to various areas of the stage. When placing the car center stage, the car faced the audience head on. When the car was placed stage right or left, the front of the car was diagonally pointed toward the center.

The Zombies

I made the directorial decision to keep any "gore" at the very minimum. The first production took place at the University of Montana at Montana State Thespian Festival in January of 2025 and we made sure that no blood would be wet and get on the borrowed stage. The zombies were made up and pre-bloodied in order for the blood to be shiny and DRIED before they hit the stage.

Concerning the zombies' walk and tempo I modeled the movement after the *Walking Dead's* slow, hungry, and dangerous zombies. We hid any possible gore moments by having the zombies attack from downstage, thus covering most of the biting with the body of the zombie themselves.

In the original production we had nine zombies. Big enough for a group (horde) with opportunities for single or duo zombie moments.

Brynn's Bear Spray

We used canned air with the bottle being designed to look like bear spray.

The Nightmare/Reality Section (The Ambush)

The idea was that “The Nightmare” was a dream Casey was having in the car. We chose a calm, eerie waltz (thanks, YouTube Audio Library) and red lighting to set the mood. During the waltz, the zombies emerged and began dancing with the core group. They moved in a slow, emotionless circle around the car until...

The Reality

We broke the waltz with a sudden light shift back to realism and a loud, jarring reverb effect. Any calm or beauty from the dance was instantly replaced by violence, as the once-dancing zombies began attacking the core group. The attack had to be fast and brutal to keep the audience from noticing the lack of gore. The lights went to black on Casey’s “No. No. No.” line, and we replayed the image of the opening flashlight scene revealing the first zombie.

The End Of the Play

I was aiming for a look of Casey being trapped in a car surrounded by the dead, including her friends. The entire scene was dimly lit except for the light of Casey’s cellphone lighting her face.

In the dark we hear an emergency signal and broadcast.

EBS VOICE: This is an emergency broadcast warning. The X-19 virus entered the United States last week, and as of this broadcast, has not been contained. We caution people to shelter in place to prevent further spread for the foreseeable future. Symptoms are extremely aggressive behavior and violent responses to external stimuli. If bitten, please report to the nearest military medical service area. This has been a virus warning of the Emergency Broadcast System.

The warning signal ends. Immediately we hear the sound of growling. The following scene, once again, takes place in the dark and mirrors the next-to-last scene of the play.

CURT: OPEN THE DOOR!

CASEY: I CAN'T!

CURT: PLEASE! CASEY! C'mon. COME ON!

BONZAI: Help. Me.

CAITLYN: I'm sorry.

CASEY: *(repeating until light shift)* No. No. No. No.

There is the sound of growling. CASEY, 16, holds a flashlight on the scene. JENNIFER, 17, has a leg being quietly eaten by one of the dead. CASEY is watching in horror from a car. Flashlight turns off as the growling continues. Music is heard to transition to the new scene. It is a different scenario on a different day. Lights come back up on CASEY talking into a cell phone.

CASEY: Dad, I'm recording this in hopes that you actually get it. I'd really rather give this to you in person but, as you know, that's not really possible right now. *(pause)* Good news, we're heading to the cabin. Bad news, the dead are everywhere. It's gonna take us a while.

Growling continues.

Denise, Bonzai, Curt, Jennifer and Caitlyn are with me. Yeah, the knuckleheads. Bonzai says "Hi." We have the food stash in the cabin but I'm not sure that's gonna last with six people. *(pause)* Dad, in our escape out of town, we forgot any weapons. The

gun safe in the cabin has something, I assume, but you never told me the combination. I'm not sure we can fit six people in Bonzai's Honda Accord. Crisis breeds creativity, right? I think I heard you say that once. What we do have is... *(checks a duffel bag)* We have a half eaten bag of chips. Thanks, Bonzai. No guns. *(continues checking the bag)* We have a Pink Floyd *Dark Side of the Moon* cassette tape. Who listens to cassette tapes anymore? Old people. No guns. *(Drops the bag in frustration. Pause.)* We have a bunch of scared teenagers. No guns. Dad, I don't know what to do. If you hear this in time. We're heading to the cabin and we need help. *(pause)* Dad, I need your help.

CASEY stops recording. The growling continues. Lights fade to black. Lights come up on BONZAI, DENISE, CURT, CAITLYN and CASEY squeezed in the car, center stage. There's panic as they call to an unseen JENNIFER. Lights up.

CURT: Get in the car!

DENISE: Jennifer, you gotta get in the car. *(pause)* She's telling me no.

There is a moment of disbelief.

CAITLYN: She's running back in. Why is she running back in?

CASEY: Jennifer, C'MON!

BONZAI: She's going back for her phone.

DENISE: Not a good time for humor, Bonzai.

BONZAI: I'm serious. She named her phone.

CURT: Those things are everywhere. We gotta go. NOW!

DENISE: Go now. Curt's right.

BONZAI: The phone's name is Brian.

Everything stops.

CURT: Brian.

CAITLYN: She wouldn't go back for her boyfriend. She goes back for the phone.

CASEY: JENNIFER, C'MON!

Two of the dead start toward the car.

BONZAI: Two of them on the left.

CURT: Five more seconds then she's a memory.

DENISE: (*pointing*) There she is!

CASEY: Wow. She's fast. Why didn't she join the track team?

BONZAI: There's no perfect hair event in track.

All in car react to JENNIFER tripping and falling on the asphalt.

CAITLYN: I've never seen anyone eat it on the pavement that hard before. That looks like it hurt.

DENISE: I hope she's okay.

CURT: She's up.

BONZAI: Is the phone okay?

CURT: Hey, Jennifer. You wanna pick it up?

JENNIFER limp-runs to the car and tries the door. It's locked.

JENNIFER: (*still trying to open the door*) LOCKED, REALLY?

BONZAI: (*trying to find the right button*) I'm pushing the button!

JENNIFER: Is it the right button?

BONZAI: Obviously not, duh. (*pause*)

JENNIFER: OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!

BONZAI hits the right button and JENNIFER dives into the car. It's cramped. After a moment or two...

BONZAI: So where is this magical cabin?

CASEY: You know Canada?

BONZAI: Maple Syrup, moose and really polite people Canada?

CASEY: Go there.

BONZAI: Aye, aye, Captain.

There is the sound of a car peeling out.

CURT: Are you purposely driving your knee into my crotch?

JENNIFER: (*struggling to move*) I can't move, Curt.

CURT: (*reacting in pain*) Both of them. You got both of them. (*pause*)
STOP MOVING!

Lights fade to black. In the darkness an announcement is heard. The car moves to SL in the blackout.

EBS VOICE: This is an official emergency announcement from Disaster Services. Due to large crowds blocking Highway 145 to Big Bear, evacuations are suggested south to Ferndale via the 695 thruway. Evacuation attempts should be tempered by the fact that the crowds are violently attacking blocked cars and violently removing people from their cars. Casualties are reported. Best discretion is advised.

Lights fade up on the car. It is nighttime. BONZAI driving. Everybody else is asleep. Music is playing on the car radio. BONZAI is bored. He sees something in the distance. He rolls down the window. He's excited at seeing something... anything. It's time.

BONZAI: MOOOOOOOOOO!

A cow moos back. BONZAI celebrates. DENISE wakes... sort of.

DENISE: Did you just “moo”?

BONZAI: There was a cow.

DENISE: You know they can't understand you, right?

BONZAI: There was a cow.

DENISE: There was a cow. Cool.

DENISE falls back asleep. There is a moment.

BONZAI: (*quietly and sarcastically*) There was a cow. Cool.

BONZAI turns music back up. Fade to black. The car moves to SR. Lights back up at the end of the song.

The car ride continues. The “knuckleheads” are extremely bored.

BONZAI: Fritos or Doritos?

JENNIFER: What?

BONZAI: You have to make a choice. Fritos or Doritos.

JENNIFER: Why do I have to make a choice?

After a short moment of disbelief.

BONZAI: You wouldn't know fun if it came up and, you'll have to pardon my phrasing because it's the only phrase I can think of, bit you on the butt.

CURT: Doritos.

BONZAI: What flavor?

CURT: There is no flavor but Cool Ranch.

CAITLYN: Pepsi or Coke?

CASEY: Pepsi.

DENISE: Pepsi.

JENNIFER: Coke is king.

CURT: Coke.

BONZAI: Coke.

CAITLYN: And Coke.

CASEY: Why don't you like Pepsi?

CAITLYN: It tastes like something I'd pour on a plate of pancakes.

DENISE: BONZAI! WATCH—

There is a thump of something that the car has hit. The car stops. They have hit one of the dead. It's incapacitated. It can only move its arms. The "knuckleheads" get out of the car.

BONZAI: I didn't see it. (pause) I didn't see it.

CASEY: Is everybody okay?

CURT: Yeah.

JENNIFER: I'm fine.

CAITLYN: I may have peed a little.

The group gathers around the ZOMBIE. It's growling and reaching.

JENNIFER: It's so... gross.

CASEY: It kind of is.

BONZAI: Anybody find it weird that we're bullying a dead thing?

CASEY: What do we do now?

BONZAI: (*Walks up to the ZOMBIE. Loudly.*) I'm sorry I hit you. You look fine. Should we trade insurance cards? (*the ZOMBIE growls*) They said no. Nothing I can do now. Let's go.

DENISE: Should we say something?

After a moment.

THE GROUP: No.

DENISE: Nothing?

CURT: Thanks for denting the grill. Please don't eat me. Amen. (*pause*) Let's go.

The group goes to the car. DENISE stays.

CASEY: Denise?

DENISE: Give me a minute.

The group gets in the car and waits. DENISE kneels safely by the ZOMBIE. It growls.

Hello. I'm Denise. You are?

ZOMBIE growls.

Hi. (*pause*) I'm really sorry we met like this. I would kill you right now but I've never killed anything before. Full disclosure. There was a mosquito on my forehead once and I tried to smack it. It moved and I just wound up slapping my forehead really hard.

ZOMBIE growls.

Yeah, it hurt. So I said "that's it on the killing stuff." I wish you and your friends felt the same way. (*pause*) Are you in pain? Do you feel pain?

ZOMBIE growls.

I hope not. I don't think I could go on knowing that kind of pain, your pain, was in my future.

CURT: (*out a window*) Denise, we gotta go.

DENISE: One sec. (*to the ZOMBIE*) This is gonna sound weird but I hope you find peace. (*pause*) I hope you die.

ZOMBIE growls.

Told you it'd sound weird but you know where I'm coming from.
Right?

ZOMBIE growls. DENISE stands up.

I wish we could have met in real life. I bet you were nice.

DENISE walks silently back to the car. Growling continues. DENISE gets in the car. Lights fade down as growling continues. Move car to SL.

We hear a radio DJ.

MASON HENDRICKS: Well, gang. It looks like this is it. The dead have surrounded the station and, honestly, it doesn't look good. I can't get ahold of my wife and kid and I think I'm running out of chances to do that so, if this is it, Annie, if you are still alive, (pause) I love you. Please get to your parents with Peter as soon as you can. I'll try and get there, but it doesn't look real promising, but I'll try.

There is a moment. Lights up on the car. The "knuckleheads" are listening. Shocked.

If anyone out there can hear me, the Ferndale information the government is giving us is no longer good. Ferndale's been overrun. (pause) Ferndale's gone. (pause) I don't know what to tell you other than good luck. I hope you live. (pause) This is Mason Hendricks, the last disc jockey in Ferndale, welcoming you to the end of the world. Good luck and I'll see you on the other side... I hope.

Everybody's awake. Everybody heard. A song plays for 10-15 seconds then abruptly cuts to static.

CURT: Jesus. We were going to play them next week.

CASEY: That's what you're taking out of this? Gonna miss the big game?

CAITLYN: (beginning a panic attack) I don't like this.

JENNIFER: Who does?

CAITLYN: Let me out. I can't breathe.

BONZAI: Where?

CAITLYN: I can't breathe.

CURT: Just stop the car, Bonzai.

CAITLYN: LET ME OUT!

CASEY: Just pull over.

BONZAI: There's a gas station right up there.

CAITLYN: I don't want to die. I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

BONZAI: It's right here. *(the car is stopped)* We need gas anyway.

CAITLYN: Open the door.

CURT: I'm trying.

JENNIFER: Open the door, Curt.

CURT: Her foot is in the way.

JENNIFER: It's a car door.

CURT: You think I forgot how to open a car door? Go to hell. *(CAITLYN is gasping for air)* I can't reach around her giant Hobbit feet.

DENISE: OPEN THE DOOR!

The door opens. Everybody piles out. CAITLYN runs a short distance from the car to compose herself. JENNIFER and CASEY go with her to try and help.

CURT: There. The door is open. Everybody happy?

CAITLYN: *(to CURT)* I DON'T HAVE HOBBIT FEET!

CURT: YOUR SHOE SIZE SAYS YOU'RE A LIAR!

CASEY: EVERYBODY SHUT UP!

Everybody shuts up. During this exchange, BRYNN COLLIER, 17, earthy and in the middle of a severe mental breakdown, has joined the group.

BRYNN: *(rapidly)* Is she okay? Is she okay? Is she okay?

The group reacts.

BONZAI: Jesus!

BRYNN is now fully seen. She is carrying bear spray. She doesn't take her gaze off CAITLYN. Her face and torso are covered in blood.

BRYNN: She looks sad.

CURT: Duh. You must be the observant one.

BRYNN: (*Different dark personality. She instantly runs to CURT and holds the bear spray to his eyes.*) Don't mess with me, boy. I'll fry your eyes out of your skull with this stuff and dance and laugh around you as you blindly try to STOP THE PAIN! (*different calmer personality*) We good? We good.

BRYNN takes the bear spray away from CURT's eyes. She literally hops over to where CAITLYN is.

Brynn goes Hop. Hop. Hop. (*almost childlike to CAITLYN*) Why are you sad?

CAITLYN: Are you for real?

BRYNN sprays some bear spray in the air. The group reacts.

BRYNN: I'm going to ask one more time and if you don't answer me I'm going to hurt you a lot with this. (*pause*) Why are you sad?

CAITLYN doesn't answer. BRYNN runs to CAITLYN aiming the bear spray at her face.

CAITLYN: I'M NOT SAD! (*pause*) I'm worried.

BRYNN: Did you lose the rabbit, too?

CAITLYN: What the hell are you talking about?

BONZAI moves toward BRYNN.

BONZAI: I've had enough of this.

BONZAI grabs BRYNN. She sprays him. BONZAI falls. He's in pain. JENNIFER, CURT, and CASEY move to help BONZAI.

BRYNN: (*dark BRYNN*) DON'T MOVE! (*Childlike BRYNN. She hops over to BONZAI.*) Brynn goes Hop. Hop. Hop. (*She looks down at BONZAI*) Silly rabbit. (*Violently kicks BONZAI once while he is still on the ground. Emotional BRYNN.*) Now he looks sad. (*pause*) Now you all look sad. (*emotionally moved*) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (*Childlike BRYNN. BONZAI is coming to.*) Did you all lose the rabbit?

JENNIFER: Listen, I don't know what the hell—

BONZAI interrupts.

BONZAI: Yeah, we lost the rabbit.

DENISE: And we need gas to go find it.

BRYNN: There's still gas over there.

CURT: (*hasn't moved from BRYNN's near-attack*) Can I move now?

BRYNN: No. (*pause*) But there's bad news. The rabbit's gone. She gotten eaten right up, up, up.

CURT: I'm sorry. (*BRYNN hops over to CURT*) C'mon. Don't.

BRYNN: Brynn goes Hop. Hop. Hop. (*There is a moment. BRYNN points to a spot.*) She was right there. Enjoying the sun. She was beautiful. She would play, play, play as rabbits do. (*a moment*) Then the monsters came. I yelled at the rabbit to run, RUN, but the monsters were too fast. (*pause*) They pulled her apart. (*pause*) They were eating her right up, up, up but she was still alive. Her eyes were filled with fear and confusion but she never stopped looking at me. All I could say is, "I love you Rachael. I love you. I love you. I love you."

BONZAI: Wait a minute.

BRYNN: (*matter-of-factly*) And then she was dead.

DENISE slowly walks over to BRYNN. The group is in shock.

DENISE: It wasn't a rabbit, Brynn.

BRYNN: Yes. Yes, it was.

DENISE: Who was it, Brynn?

BRYNN: No. (*to herself*) I love you. I love you. I love you.

DENISE: Who was it, Brynn? Who's Rachael?

BRYNN: I love you. I love you. I love you.

DENISE: Brynn, who was it? Who did the monsters get?

There is a long moment.

BRYNN: (*childlike*) My 6-year-old sister Rachael died on that pavement when the monsters came. They're going to get you, too. I couldn't help her. I can't help you. I can't help me.

BRYNN is emotional.

DENISE: It's going to be okay.

A moment. Dark BRYNN.

BRYNN: Liar.

BRYNN sprays DENISE. DENISE falls in pain. She moves toward the group not knowing that CASEY has snuck behind her.

CASEY: Hey.

BRYNN turns and CASEY knocks her out. It's over. CURT walks over to BRYNN and DENISE's fallen bodies.

CURT: Put Denise in the car. Let's fill up and let's get the hell out of here.

JENNIFER: (*motioning to BRYNN*) What about her?

A moment.

CURT: She was dead when we met her. She just didn't know it yet. (*there is the sound of growling*) Leave her.

CASEY: She's not dead, Curt.

CURT: She had bear spray to my face, threatening to blind me. She got Bonzai. She got Denise. You want her in the car with us? Sitting beside you? Gonna become besties, are you?

CASEY: Curt.

CURT: I have no problem leaving you here with her. Handy safety tip. Take her spray. I bet it hurts really bad.

JENNIFER: Curt, that's not fair.

CURT: Do you want her in the car? (*no answer*) Bonzai?

BONZAI: No. No way.

CURT: Denise?

DENISE: No.

CURT: I didn't think so. I'm going to walk up to this station and see if there's any food. Get in the car and drive it up and get some gas if there is any. (*There is a moment. A ZOMBIE is walking by the scene.*) If she dies, she'll be out of her misery. I am not going to sacrifice myself or any of us just so we can play, "Let's cure the psycho,"

It's not going to happen. (the ZOMBIE notices the group and the downed BRYNN) Let's get the hell out of here.

There is a moment. The ZOMBIE is now slowly working their way towards BRYNN. CURT walks toward the gas station. The rest pick DENISE up and begin to move her to the car. Lights fade to black as an EBS alarm signal sounds. Move car to CS.

EBS VOICE: This is a message from the Emergency Broadcast System. The following cities have been quarantined. Ferndale, Palmer Lake, Hendricksville, and Sockeye. The official definition of this quarantine means that nobody will be allowed access or exit from those cities under quarantine. The US Military is aiding in the enforcement of the quarantine and have been ordered to use any force necessary to enforce this order, including lethal force if the situation calls for it. This message will repeat every hour until the situation changes. Please keep your radio on this station to be informed.

EBS alarm sounds as the lights fade up on the car. Everybody's awake. After a moment.

DENISE: What are you going to miss the most?

CAITLYN: About what?

DENISE: I don't know. Life? School? Food?

CURT: School? Why would I miss school? It doesn't exist now with the dead chomping up everything in sight.

BONZAI: As Alice Cooper so righteously sang, (*spoken, not sung*) "School's out...completely."

DENISE: The military is going to handle this, and sooner or later all our butts are going to be back in the building Instagramming, learning Spanish and running laps.

JENNIFER: We are so not going back to school.

DENISE: Why? You don't think this "thing" is going to be taken care of?

CASEY: The military has standing orders to shoot AND shoot to kill us—

JENNIFER: If the situation arises.

CASEY: Look around. The situation has risen. No way were going back after all this.

CAITLYN: Denise, you don't watch movies much, do you?

DENISE: I do watch movies.

CAITLYN: Apocalypse movies?

DENISE: Sure.

CAITLYN: In any of these movies do you see people going back to school?

CASEY: There was a Japanese horror film—

JENNIFER: Shut up, nerd. We're in America now. *(pause)* Well?

A moment.

DENISE: No. I don't see people going back to school in Apocalypse movies.

CAITLYN: And why do we NOT see people going back to school in Apocalypse movies?

DENISE: *(softly, almost inaudible)* Because Apocalypse.

CAITLYN: I'm sorry. I didn't quite catch that.

DENISE: *(audible this time)* Because Apocalypse.

CAITLYN: Because Apocalypse, right. *(pause-seriously)* Wait a minute. Did you hear that?

CASEY: What?

CAITLYN: You can't hear that?

BONZAI: I don't hear anything.

CAITLYN: I do.

CURT: What?

CAITLYN: The sound of me being right all the time.

There is reaction in the car.

BONZAI: I'm driving here. Don't do that again or... I'll turn... this car around.

CAITLYN: Okay, Dad.

JENNIFER: Girl...

JENNIFER fist bumps with CAITLYN.

DENISE: (*hurt by the truth*) I'm sorry I had hope.

CASEY: That's okay. We all had hope at one time.

BONZAI: Then we went to high school.

Agreement in the car. A moment.

DENISE: Alice Cooper actually didn't sing (*spoken, not sung*) "School's out completely", first. He sang "School's out for summer" first.

A moment then the car bursts into laughter.

BONZAI: Nerd.

A chant of "nerd" begins with everybody and builds to a crescendo. Suddenly, there is the sound of a loud BANG. There are screams as BONZAI struggles to bring the car to a stop. Everybody takes a moment to compose and then gets out of the car.

CURT: What the hell was that?

BONZAI: I don't know. (*Walks around to side of the car. He sees the issue. Walks back.*) I have good news and bad news.

JENNIFER: I don't think I'm ready for this.

CASEY: The good news?

BONZAI: We're alive. That's the good news.

CAITLYN: The bad?

BONZAI: My dad thought spare tires were a waste of money.

CASEY: You gotta be kidding me. (*Walks back to check on the tire. Walks back.*) At least you saved the rim.

DENISE: Can we patch it?

CASEY: The rim?

DENISE: No. The tire.

BONZAI: There is no tire.

CURT: Well, that's great. That's just great. What are we going to do now? We're sitting out here for the dead like the last piece of cake at a dieting convention. (*a moment*) Any ideas?

BONZAI: Do we have anything that could be considered a weapon?

DENISE: Caitlyn could sarcasm the dead.

CAITLYN: Go to hell.

BONZAI: I have the tire jack rod.

CURT: But no spare tire to use it on. Perfect.

JENNIFER: (*checking her bag*) Just a phone. Unusable now but maybe I could hit them over the head with it.

BONZAI: I like your creativity but I don't think Brian's gonna cut it.

CASEY: Well, what do we do?

BONZAI: We wait.

CASEY: We haven't seen a car in a day. Waiting for Door Dash? I have bad ne—

BONZAI: IF YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA JUST SAY IT! (*pause*)
Anything? (*pause*) Anything at all. (*pause*) That's what I thought.

The group sits down to wait. A long moment. The next lines are sung.

CASEY: On the first day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
Dead things chasing me. (*pause*)
On the second day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
A destroyed tire. (*pause-almost giving up*)
And some dead things chasing me.

A moment.

JENNIFER: On the third day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire.

CASEY joins in.

JENNIFER & CASEY: And some dead things chasing me.

CURT: On the fourth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
A crazy person to spray me.

JENNIFER and CASEY join in.

CURT, JENNIFER, and CASEY: Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some dead things chasing me.

A short moment.

BONZAI: On the fifth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
This. Stupid. Song.

JENNIFER, CASEY and CURT join in.

BONZAI, JENNIFER, CASEY, and CURT: A crazy person to spray me.
Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some
dead things chasing me.

CAITLYN: On the sixth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
No more friggin' school.

BONZAI, JENNIFER, CASEY and CURT join in.

ALL BUT DENISE: This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to spray me.
Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some
dead things chasing me.

A moment. Everybody turns to DENISE.

DENISE: What? (pause) Fine. On the seventh day of the apocalypse my
true love gave to me. (she flips off the group) This middle finger. (or
"You guys really suck")

The whole group sings.

ALL: No more friggin' school. This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to
spray me. Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire.
And some dead things chasing me.

JENNIFER: On the eighth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to
me. A phone without a charger.

CASEY: Oh, poor Brian.

The whole group sings.

ALL: This middle finger. No more friggin' school. This. Stupid. Song. A
crazy person to spray me. Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A
destroyed tire. And some dead things chasing me.

CAITLYN: On the ninth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
What the hell's that smell?

CURT: Sorry but when I'm stressed, I fart. Sue me.

BONZAI: Dude, really?

A moment. They sing again.

ALL: A phone without a charger. This middle finger. No more friggin'
school. This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to spray me. Bonzai's

half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some dead things chasing me.

DENISE: On the tenth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
Can we end this song?

THE WHOLE GROUP: NO! (*singing*) What the hell's that smell? A phone without a charger. This middle finger. No more friggin' school. This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to spray me. Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some dead things chasing me.

BONZAI: On the eleventh day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me. A tow truck with a new tire.

THE WHOLE GROUP: Can we end this song? NO! What the hell's that smell? A phone without a charger. This middle finger. No more friggin' school. This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to spray me. Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some dead things chasing me.

CASEY: On the twelfth day of the apocalypse my true love gave to me.
(*pause*) A chance to be alive.

A moment as this sinks in. Then...

THE WHOLE GROUP: A tow truck with a new tire. Can we end this song? NO! What the hell's that smell? A phone without a charger. This middle finger. No more friggin' school. This. Stupid. Song. A crazy person to spray me. Bonzai's half-eaten bag of Doritos. A destroyed tire. And some dead things (*The group holds the note on the end. Attempts at harmony.*) chasing me.

There is laughter. It subsides,

CAITLYN: That was fun.

There is growling.

CURT: Jennifer. Perfume. Now.

JENNIFER gets in her bag and gives CURT the perfume. CURT sprays a cloud over the gang.

CAITLYN: What are you doing?

CURT: Shhhhhh. Don't move.

JENNIFER: What?

CURT: (*An intense whisper. He points.*) Shut the hell up.



help@theatrefolk.com www.theatrefolk.com

Want to Read More?

Order a full script through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).